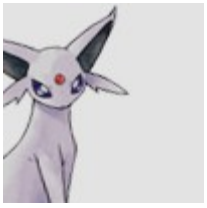
[ficlet] Gun II.

- Oct. 23rd, 2011 at 1:44 PM



Title: Gun II.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut, noncon.
Pairings/Characters: Lucifer/Dean.
Word Count: 962 words.
Summary: Mafia AU wherein Lucifer catches Dean in a parking lot and takes his time capturing him.

Note: Written for **theinsaneeraser**'s 5acts post, and is a sequel/side story to Gun. I should probably make a masterpost of all this Mafia AU fic I'm writing, especially if I write more of it. ^^;

(It's cold out, but that's nothing compared to the heat of the muzzle of the gun on his skin.)

- Current Mood: indescribable

It's cold out, but that's nothing compared to the heat of the muzzle of the gun on his skin. It burns, and Dean hisses even as he raises his hands. His stomach is flip-flopping, and he can't see a way out of this one.

Still, he's be calm. Pretend that there isn't a gun against his neck. Pretend that there isn't a casual killer behind him.

Which leads to the question of: which one is it? He's been helping Sam work on this case for ages and he knows the names of the Angelus brothers (most of them, anyways. The major players) and which one is it now?

"Don't I at least get to know who you are?" Dean asks, false bravado filling his words. "It'd be nice to know who I'm going to haunt."

"Ghosts have never bothered me," and Dean can *hear* the smirk.

Oh, hell. It's Lucifer. His chances for bullshitting his way out of this just went to zero. Still, he swallows and debates making a move for his cellphone. (Have to warn Sammy)

"Turn around," Lucifer says, nudging his neck with the gun before stepping back. "I'd prefer not to kill you, and I won't need to if you behave."

Dean turns, gaze flicking from the gun to Lucifer's face. Yeah, he's afraid, but he can't let that show. They're all predators in the Angelus family, and Lucifer is one of their finest. Dean knows, because he's been working on putting together a list of as many murders he can attribute to the Angelus family, and if possible name exactly which one did the deed, and Lucifer's list...it's not the worst of the lot (that honor rests with Michael, and may Dean never meet that freaky bastard without a SWAT team) but it isn't exactly short either.

Not that he can actually prove they did more than a handful of the murders, and not that he can actually prove beyond a doubt that it was them at all (yet, Castiel may be the key to bringing them all down) but -

He doesn't like the way Lucifer's looking at him.

He's not expecting the blow when it comes, either: Lucifer gives him a solid punch to the jaw, and Dean's hands are up and coming away from the wound with blood, and *ow*.

Lucifer drives his fist into Dean's stomach then and kicks his side when Dean curls up on the ground. There's a flurry of blows and Dean wheezes from the pain - he's bleeding and bruised and not in fun ways and he didn't like the sound of that last kick. Not that he can do anything about it.

"There," Lucifer says from above him, and the gravel of the parking lot is digging into his cheek.

"Wha - " Dean tries to ask a question, but Lucifer bends down and uncurls him, rolling him onto his back, and the gravel is assuring him that everything he does here is going to hurt in the morning, if he gets out of this alive. (He's not listening to the pain from his injuries, he can't, he *can't* -)

Lucifer puts the muzzle of his gun on Dean's chest and Dean goes still.

"I don't like you," Lucifer says quietly. He's pushing up Dean's shirt and Dean can't keep himself from automatically raising his hands, but Lucifer's fresh push with his gun makes him go still again.

"We took our time to find out exactly who ran off with our brother," Lucifer continues as he unbuttons Dean's jeans. "And I am not impressed."

He tugs Dean's pants down. "You aren't a reporter. More of a vagabond. Layabout. Drifter. Wasting talents and the only reason you're bothering us is because of Uriel's mistake." He wraps a hand around Dean's cock; ignores Dean's

protest. "It was a coincidence," he murmurs as he rubs fingers over Dean's tip. "Almost divine intervention. Your father was supposed to die, not your mother. And your brother's girlfriend - simply the wrong dorm, when Uriel was busy with another. We've disciplined him for those errors."

Lucifer meets his eyes, and Dean can only stare. He'd known - known about the latter one, but -

Lucifer reminds him of his gun's presence by moving his aim to Dean's forehead. He reminds him of his current activities by giving Dean a quick pump, and Dean should be ashamed of how hard he is. He should be, but no, it's impotent rage and the pain of gravel and wounds.

Lucifer chuckles darkly and keeps pumping him. "How good you are," he murmurs, and damnit - he's too good at this. Dean can't stop his hips from moving even through the fear.

Lucifer puts the gun back against his chest and doesn't stop, and doesn't stop and -

Dean closes his eyes, because he can't keep looking at Lucifer and Lucifer's smirk without trying to reach out for him and do - and do *something* driven by bad judgement.

It's when he feels something wet and probably a tongue (he won't look) on him, he loses it.

There's a sticky mess in his jeans and handcuffs on his wrists as Lucifer leads him into the hotel where Castiel is (where Sam shouldn't be, please say he got out or wasn't there or) and he can't look at Lucifer because the bastard knows exactly what he did and he's still smirking.

(Nothing to do with a whispered promise when Dean was still too weak to protest Lucifer manhandling him into cuffs - nothing to do with 'Just think, I could show you more, train you into a *proper* tool, with a use for those skills of yours, think of it Dean.'

Nothing to do with that at all.)